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Reading Room Divinity School

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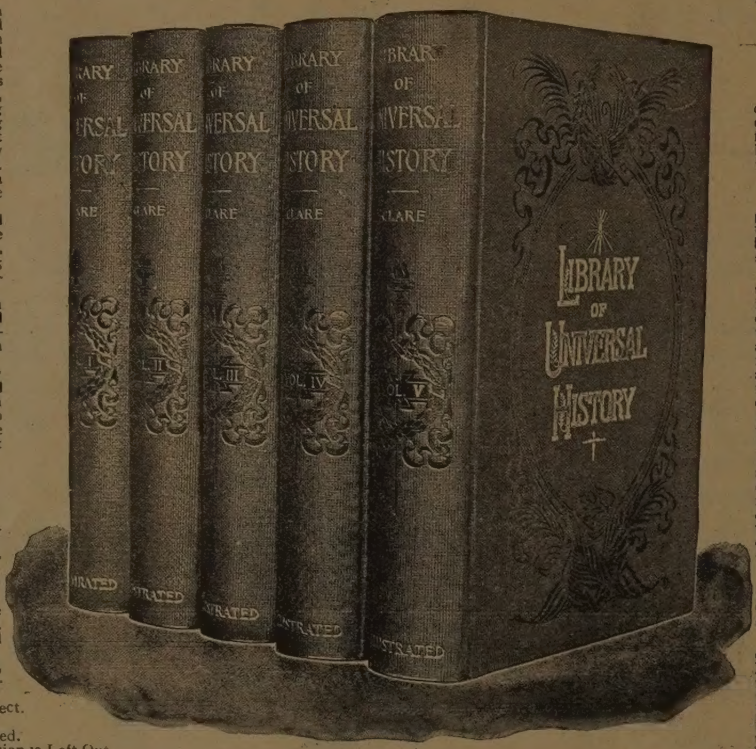

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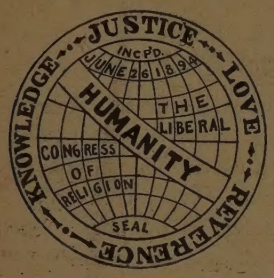
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1897. NUMBER 26



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

EMERSON.

The recent death of Miss Juliet Corson, the pioneer teacher of scientific cookery in America, removes a woman who, through years of ill-health and extreme suffering, has pursued a noble and practical purpose. The many teachers of household science in these days when the study threatens to become a fad, recognize their obligation to Miss Corson for laying the foundations well twenty-five years ago, and persevering through years of public indifference and scanty recognition. American homes will be forever better because Miss Corson lived.

Dr. Gaumer, of Yucatan, as quoted by Chapman, says that the killing of immense numbers of herons and other shore birds in Yucatan has been followed by an increase in human mortality among the inhabitants of the coast, which is undoubtedly the direct result of the destruction of the birds that formerly assisted in keeping the beeches and bayous free from decaying animal matter. These herons, nature's scavengers, members of the Yucatan board of health, have been needed elsewhere, viz., to deck ladies' bonnets.

The articles of George E. Wright on "The Outer Rim; or, Studies in Wider Evolution," six of which appeared in the columns of this paper, have been rewritten, enlarged upon and increased in number and published in an attractive little volume by the publisher of THE NEW UNITY. The titles of the chapters as now arranged are: "Dawn," "Wider Evolution," "Growth of Human Kind," "A Cycle of Eternity," "Origin of Religions," "The Magic of Nature," "Illusion," "Real Occultism," "Religion of the Future." Mr. Wright is a thoughtful layman, the breadth of whose sympathies and scope of whose culture must be apparent to all those who read his articles. The earnestness of his mind is further noted by the fact that while he is president of the Theosophical Society of Chicago, he is also the faithful secretary of All Souls Church, giving close attention to the duties of each. We hope to print elsewhere, and from another hand, a fitting review of this thought-suggestive and thought-packed little book. Meanwhile we are glad to give it editorial welcome, and heartily recommend it to the readers of THE NEW UNITY.

Mr. Chapman "In Bird Life" tells of a yellow-billed cuckoo shot at six o'clock in the morning that had in its stomach the partly digested remains of forty-three tent caterpillars, and significantly adds "how many it would have eaten before night no one can say." He tells of four chickadee stomachs that contained ten hundred and twenty-one eggs of the canker worm. Professor Forbes in the article alluded to in another editorial gives many pages of statistics of this kind, which show the immense capacity of the bird's stomach and his diligence in saving the gardens from their pests, but few of the birds are vegetarian exclusively. He estimates that for every twenty-four quarts of cherries, blackberries, currants and grapes devoured by the robins, seventeen quarts of average caterpillars and eight quarts of cut worms have also disappeared down the busy throats. The cat bird is proved to be another diligent cultivator of fruits by making persistent warfare upon the flies, beetles and other insects that prey upon them.

Chapter IV. in Chapman's Bird Life on the "Migration of Birds" presents facts so startling that they fairly become sublime. The wide extent, the long flight and the high flight, the weird passage by night, the tireless call are facts of such proportion as to stagger the unscientific. An

observation through a telescope in New Jersey on a September night, discovered no less than two hundred and sixty birds passing across the narrow angle subtended by the limits of the moon as seen through a six and a half inch glass between the hours of eight and eleven. Countless birds pass each year from the Torrid to the Tropic Zones and back.

The following paragraph, taken from the *Popular Science Monthly* of July, indicates how man's interference with nature can not be of permanent duration. Nature works on longer lines than man, and will correct the balance eventually. Perhaps the process is not always alike. The mongoose of the West Indies has been too successful, so nature is circumventing him with a parasitic pest suited to the task. Something like that on the upper realm is slowly correcting woman's interference with nature's balance, which results in the wanton and wholesale destruction of birds. When the plumage is fairly transplanted from the bough to the bonnet, the wearer of the plumage finds that she has overreached herself. In her efforts to make herself attractive she has made herself the object of comment and ridicule, and if she persists, of contempt and social exclusion. So when woman finds that the feathers, instead of attracting, repel, she will desist, and the birds will gradually regain their lost territory. But this is the paragraph:

According to Curator Duerdon, of the Museum of the Jamaica Institute, as cited by Robert T. Hill, in *Science*, a turn of the tide has come in the life of the mongoose in Jamaica. This animal was imported thither to rid the island of rats. Having disposed of these, it turned upon the other small animals and nearly exterminated them. Consequently the ticks and chigoes, in the absence of the lizards and snakes which had eaten them, throve enormously, and became nearly as veritable pests as the rats had been. Within the last few years, however, the mongooses have seemed to decline in numbers, and, when caught, to be suffering from the attacks of ticks. Birds and snakes and lizards are becoming more numerous, poultry and domestic animals suffer less from depredations, numerous crocodile's eggs are found, bevies of quails are occasionally seen, and the rats are appearing again.

The illuminated programme for the seventeenth meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches to be held at Saratoga, September 20–23, is at hand. It is an elegantly printed eight-page circular, with a photograph of the St. Gaudens' statue of Henry W. Bellows as frontispiece, with half-tone portraits of Hon. George F. Hoar, Dr. M. J. Savage, Revs. Shippen, Chadwick, Dole, Clay MacCauley, Van Ness, and others. The opening sermon is to be preached by Reed Stuart, of Detroit. Mr. Chadwick, Dr. Crowe, and Charles F. Dole will discuss the "Old Theology and the New." Rev. B. Fay Mills and Professor Cummings are to discuss the problems of "Social Betterment." The Women's Alliance, Young People's Union, the Unitarian Temperance Society, and other co-ordinate societies hold their meetings. These Saratoga gatherings of the Unitarians have become famous for their intellectual power, social brilliancy, and as the seat of missionary enterprise. May these meetings deserve the attendance and support that will make them worthy of their predecessors.

The Bird and Man.

Once more we dedicate the pages of this journal to our feathered fellow-beings, the songsters of wood and meadow. It is no new cause for us, perhaps no new word will be spoken by us. We put this number to press with the bird-songs in our ears. The quiet distractions of the woods and the intensity of the Tower Hill Summer School are not conducive to creative work, even on favorite lines. The plea which the editor would make is made in the department of "The Word of the Spirit." We bring together, from various sources, evidence of the increasing interest and growing sympathy in these fellow creatures. As a frontispiece, we present the ingenious plate prepared by Miss Ellen Hale, the Boston artist, a daughter of Edward Everett Hale, where the birds of New England appear with their autographs as they present their petition, written by Hon. George F. Hoar, to the general court of Massachusetts, asking for protection. The petition thus illuminated was published in the *New England Magazine* for July, through whose courtesy we are permitted to present the plates, but furthermore, the petition carried, in connection with other influences, the legislature of Massachusetts. It led it to enact the first law passed by any legislative body, so far as we know, against the cruel desecration of life, and the wanton denudation of our fields, for decorative and millinery purposes. In this connection we desire to call special attention to the publication of the "Nature Study Publishing Company," which has not only the interest which the subject always carries with it, but it is itself a scientific marvel. It represents the marvelous achievement in colored photography. Their colored effects are secured by purely mechanical and chemical processes. The sun, through the camera and the subsequent services of the press, does all the work. By means of the skillful use of the three primary colors, red, blue and yellow, all the intervening shades and tints are secured. In other words, by a process which we do not understand, and cannot explain, the simple use of three colors of ink used in successive impressions, these effects are attained. Through this discovery this company has been enabled to publish "Birds, Illustrated by Colored Photography," a monthly of some forty pages, each number containing ten or more colored plates for the astounding price of $1.50 a year, or 15 cents a copy. With July 1st this publication

began its second volume, and the publishers deserve congratulations and the hearty thanks of both birds and children. We trust that their work will receive the attention it deserves in schools and homes, and are glad of this opportunity of commending it to our readers.

If it were possible for us to add one more argument, or present one more plea, it would be along the economic lines. Slow as man is to recognize the biological and artistic marvels revealed in the constitution and life of the bird, we are still slower to detect his economic value. Professor Forbes, in a monograph of great value on the "food of birds," published in Bulletin No. 3 of the Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History, and issued in November, 1880, has presented a most startling array of facts along these lines. In this article, basing his estimate on scientific observations, he estimates that the birds average three to an acre during the six summer months; about two-thirds of the food of these birds consists of insects. At the low estimate of twenty insects a day, there is a destruction of seventy-two hundred per acre, or two hundred and fifty billion insects in the State of Illinois. Or if one insect were placed upon each square inch of surface, they would cover an area of forty thousand acres. The estimated number of insects to the square yard in Illinois is ten thousand per acre. On this basis Mr. Forbes says: "If the operations of the birds were to be suspended, the rate of increase of this insect host would be accelerated seventy per cent., and if this increase were not otherwise checked we should in three years have the entire state carpeted with insects, one to the square inch over our whole territory." He further estimates that the damage done to the agricultural interests in Illinois by insects amounts to ten million dollars per annum We cannot pursue the argument further. Let this suggestion indicate the mountainous ignorance on this subject, the wicked stupidity and ruinous foolishness of those who think there is no principle involved in the wearing of a bird upon the hat or the wholesale slaughter of the birds for commercial purposes. It is not the taking of life *per se* that we object to, but the taking of life wantonly, the waste of life. Not the slaughter of the innocents only, but the slaughter of the useful as well.

But without further delay we send this third special bird number of THE NEW UNITY on its missionary way. May it become a messenger of sense, and appeal to the judgment as well as to the emotions, and help restore that mystic balance of life with which it is possible for man to interfere to a ruinous extent. Man's wisdom has greatly increased the potency of nature, as is witnessed in the domestic animals. Man's unwisdom in this direction often threatens civilization itself, as is evidenced by the pests of rabbits in Australia, the mongoose in the West Indies, and perchance the English sparrow in the United States.

The Surviving Spark.

A certain John D——, of our town, who, because of his failing for strong drink, is seldom out of jail a week at a time, was recently arrested and brought before the recorder, when a bystander remarked, "Drunk again, John!" Whereupon John, in a tone both grieved and indignant, replied: "No! I steals some little tings now!"

This singular assertion of pride or self-respect (or what is it?) reminds me of some similar exhibitions I have witnessed elsewhere. For instance, during my ministry in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, I used often to visit the states prison, and remember being told this story by the warden's wife: She one day took two of the women life-convicts for a drive in the town, and passing a humble little house where a woman sat before the door, one of the convicts said to the other, "I wonder if she don't envy us *pen ladies* in our big fine house!"

A man who had recently come to the institution on a sentence for burglary, had formerly been a gardener. He was put to tending the flowers, and some one complimenting him upon their beautiful appearance, he said: "O, they don't look much. But if I 'd only got here six weeks sooner, we 'd have had a garden what was a garden."

Once, in a women's "Night Shelter" of the Salvation Army in London, I came upon two forlorn old crones sitting on the edge of the coffin-like boxes that constituted their beds and their only home; and one was saying to the other, "Well, I would n't give up my perliterical opinion for all the money in the world." (This was before the Klondyke excitement, however.)

Do not such incidents throw some light upon the tolerableness of certain states of life that seem intolerable to us? John D—— cannot be drunk so often but that he takes distinct and proud cognizance of his sober moments, even if he puts them to no better purpose than thieving.

The "pen ladies," finding their life-lot cast here, grow to feel themselves a part of the institution, not its mere victims. The convict-gardener, with a really worthy zeal, puts the artist soul into his work, and thus liberates his soul from the bondage to which his body is subject. Is there not hope that his work may save him?

And the poor old Whitechapel outcasts find in this merciful shelter not only comfort for the body, but society, and opportunity for the stimulation of mind that come from the expression and maintenance of an idea.

So, none of us is utterly forlorn. If there is nothing we do we can be proud of, we sometimes fail to do the thing we are ashamed of, and we manage to be proud of that. If we have nothing we want, we have our opinion of what we would like if we could get it, and we value that.

Who shall tell us how many lives has the human soul? Dead to this, it lives in that. Killed here, it trails bleeding forth there. It is the little spark that, had we skill and love enough, we might fan into the divine flame of the righteous life.

Who shall teach us? C. J. B. C.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

A Hope.

I know God loves all helpless feathered things,
And when the sparrows fall with draggled wings
From out their storm-rocked nest, I know He sees,
For tender eyes He has for such as these.
I know there is a country fair and far
Within whose borders living waters are.
Green trees are there with branches spreading wide
Above the sloping banks on either side.

And, since God's trees are troubled by no storm,
I love to fancy that their branches form
Safe sheltered hollows where they fly to rest—
Those little sparrows fallen from the nest
In this our windblown world—We call them dead;
But since long years ago our Saviour said
No sparrow falls without his Father's ken,
I think that He may let them nest again.

Bertha Gerneaux Davis.

A Week with the Birds.

At the Tower Hill Summer School. August 9–14, 1897

"Eyes they have, but they see not, ears have they, but they hear not," might be said of the world, so far as our little brothers of the air are concerned. But few people really know their little kinsfolk. The generally accepted notion has been, that to know birds, one must shoot them when on the wing, study and perhaps dissect the little corpses carefully, then classify and find the name. Suppose some being of a higher race were to see, with surprise and delight, a group of our little human brothers at play. Pray, how much, after all, would he know of boy, that darling of the mother, puzzle of the psychologist and despair of the preacher, when he had shot one, carried it home in triumph and examined it?

There is no such royal road to a knowledge of bird-life. To know all about the comedies and tragedies, domestic quarrels and reconciliations, cry-baby wails and feats of ventriloquism, one must go out armed with an opera glass — the gun that brings down your bird in its setting, that does not rob you of one trill nor of a single coquettish glance. Mr. O. G. Libby, Ph. D., University of Wisconsin, directed the study of birds at the Tower Hill Summer School on that plan. He can name a bird as it hops from behind a limb, or if hidden, hermit-like, it dare scatter "bright drops of tune from oceans infinite of melody," he can whip you out its name on the instant.

You could never spend *hours* even to gain that much coveted knowledge! It is not necessary. At odd moments, when on the street, in the park or in the country, as recreation, observe:

1. How the bird looks as a whole — movements, etc.
2. Markings — write down, if possible.
3. Find name in manual.
4. Song — when, how long, character, etc.

The series of six lessons consisted of three indoor talks and three still hunts. One talk dealt with the migration of birds, the order of their arrival in the spring, the various formations, markings and habits which group them into families, and perhaps, most interesting of all, the adaptation of certain birds to their environments. Have you ever thought that the spots, that look like flecks of sunlight through leaves, on the breast of the thrush, might protect that songster from his enemies? The Water Wag-tail, once an air-warbler, now a mud-colored marsh bird with long legs and bill, suggests the thought that the principle of selection must be most severe, and the number of lost intermediate links immense, among birds.

The long walks were most delightful and rich in interest. To wade, waist high, through broad-bladed marsh grass, shimmering in the sun, meant, now that your eyes were open, to see the marsh wren, and ears wide awake to hear the squawk of the green heron. Straying on under young oaks, we caught the "sidelong glances wise, wherewith the jay hints tragedies," and heard the red-eyed vireo, the preacher, true to his name, talk on interminably with many a "Do you *believe* it?" Whether struggling through underbrush or crossing fields, always came the reward of some new cry or glint of another wing.

In the last lesson came the summing up and the tests. The tabulating of the outdoor observations showed that the family of finches, to which belong the many kinds of sparrows, has the greatest number, both of species and individuals, in the vicinity. The birds sang in about this order in the morning: Song sparrow first, then great-horned owl, night hawk, killdeer and whip-poor-will. For review, one of the stuffed specimens of birds of the locality was held up. What is its name? Others followed, and most of the birds observed during the week—perhaps fifty—were passed in review before the audience, a laughing one, for eyes did not always recognize old friends and tongues sometimes denied them.

But the climax of pleasurable interest was reached when Miss Maginell Wright, whose true ear had caught many bird songs, repeated them on the piano, and Mrs. Warren McArthur whistled them, ringing clear, triumphant or delicate, rich and plaintive. After the American field sparrow, wood pewee and brown thrush had ceased, the English skylark's swelling notes gushed out, as Rev. G. Falconer showed how the song of that world-loved, blithe spirit increased with its flight, audible even after the little form is lost in the blue.

Bird poems will have a new significance when you know from observation that the oriole is indeed a glance of summer fire, as Lowell calls him, and that the gray-cheeked thrush's music is the south wind's sigh, as Emerson says. Will not life be fuller, sweeter, when the hermit thrush sings for you as for Walt Whitman?

O liquid and free and tender!
O wild and loose to my soul!
O wondrous singer!

JESSIE BLACK.

I have ever had in my mind, that when God should cast me into such a condition, as that I cannot save my life but by doing an indecent thing, he shows me the time has come wherein I should resign it; and when I cannot live in my own country but by such means as are worse than dying in it, I think he shows me I ought to keep myself out of it.—*Algernon Sidney.*

The Enemy of the Song Birds.

The following personal letter received from a bird lover anent the sermon printed in another column of this paper has matter that will interest the students of birds. The writer joins the larger majority of naturalists who have no mercy for this English immigrant. While undoubtedly their opinion rests upon a larger basis of fact, still it is well to remember that even the English sparrow has its friends, and those are not all sentimentalists. By consulting the Monograph issued some years ago by the biological department of the Agricultural Bureau in Washington, it will be seen there that this minority has spoken. At any rate let the friendless sparrow be held responsible only for his own depredations and let him have credit for the things he deserves. Perhaps he is the enemy of the bird because he is so human in his diligence, intrusiveness and power of adapting himself to circumstances. He is probably the most "civilized" member of the feathered family.—Editor.

DEAR BROTHER: In looking over a Sunday Chicago paper I see announced as your subject: "A Plea for the Birds." The subject is one that interests me very much, for many reasons, so I write you a word of encouragement, taking for granted that what you say on the subject is in harmony with the theme as announced. I have lived most of my life in Illinois, and have somewhat carefully studied the habits of birds, and have taken much interest in any humane legislation looking to their protection. Without using this brief letter to eulogize birds, or indulge in any romantic sentiment on a subject in which you and I, no doubt, are substantially agreed, allow me to enumerate a few of the enemies of our delightful native songsters. I say native song birds because there is no country on the earth can surpass at least some of our song birds—among these I mention that paragon of song, the southern mocking bird, which for vocal versatility, is the wonder of the world—then come orioles, thrushes, blue martins etc., a charming list. But now let me name their enemies, as I promised. First is the careless and sometimes cruel boy, with his target gun, then the specimen hunter, also the hunter of birds for their wings etc., for purposes of ornamentation—the weasel, the hawk, the blue jay (the blue jay lives on birds' eggs and young birds during May and June, and is a robber and murderer), the crow, and last, but not least, is the English sparrow, which is the worst of all foes to our native warblers. In many neighborhoods the screech of the sparrow is all the bird notes you can hear, this pestiferous bird having actually crowded out every song bird. It is not necessary for the English sparrow pugnaciously to fight our song birds. He simply multiplies in vast numbers and crowds them out. This is a sad condition of things. Blue martins formerly were plentiful—coming every May and occupying the rude box provided by the villager and farmer. But the blue or purple martin is almost a memory and nothing more. Every box is crowded with sparrows before the blue martin arrives. The poor fellow fights for a few days, and finally, overcome by superior numbers of clannish sparrows, the southern guest, sore at such treatment, wings his way to some other neighborhood, only to find the next box just as full of enemies as the last. The result is the almost entire extinction of this charming and useful warbler—crowded out by a screeching and filthy scavenger.

Another bird that has become too rare is the blue bird, a gentle and plaintive little songster, very closely allied to the English robin. He, too, has been crowded out by the same alien enemy. Another sufferer in the same line is the American robin. A neighbor of mine described to me minutely how he saw a clan of sparrows persecute a mother robin, driving her from her nest, and crowding about her until they plucked nearly every feather from her body, so she was unable to fly. If there were anything more brutal, it would be the indifference of the wretch who would permit such cruelty. Had such a crime been committed on my premises I would have slaughtered every English sparrow coming on the place.

The cheerful and ever-sprightly warbler, the wren, is also blacklisted by the sparrow. It is the sparrow's outspoken but determined purpose to crowd out the wren, as well as the martin, blue bird, and robin.

I formerly lived in a suburban place in Springfield, Ill. When I first took possession of my place, the English sparrows had undisputed possession of everything. A few shy warblers prospected a little while in May, but checked by the screeching of a hundred enemies, they soon retired. Taking in the situation, I procured a shotgun, and loading with very fine shot, brought down one or more at every crack of the gun. The sparrows were surprised and indignant at my disturbance of their sway. But surprise soon yielded to consternation, and those that escaped told the rest to keep away; this treatment being repeated in a lessening degree each spring. Now for the result of my seven years' war on the sparrow. Each spring there came an additional number of songsters. My oaks and hickories, elms and maples, became vocal with the most delightful bird music. Scores of birds, persecuted from other neighborhoods, came to my little paradise of security. Orioles, wrens, brown thrushes, wood thrushes (this last bird a most wonderful warbler), vireos, and many others, gave me a benefit every morning in May and June. Much might be said, but two things must be done to prevent the extinction of our invaluable song birds. First, a love for birds should be cultivated; second, the English sparrow must be exterminated, or if not exterminated, held in check.

Wishing you success in your plea for birds, I remain,

Fraternally yours,

ABRAHAM H. BATES.

Professor Neill, F.R.S., president of the Zoölogical Section of the Association of Scientists, who recently held their meeting at Toronto, Canada, made a strong plea for a change in the method of study now adopted. He wished more observation of the life and habits of animate creatures to be made, and less time put in on their structural and morphological peculiarities. He recommended the theory of natural selection as a method of explaining the changes constantly becoming visible in the habits of various species, and closed with a prediction that the zoölogy of the future would develop along these lines. Parts of his speech were as follows:

"It has long been my conviction that we study animals too much as dead things. We name them, arrange them according to our notions of their likeness or unlikeness, and record their distribution. Then, perhaps, we are satisfied, forgetting that we could do as much with minerals or remarkable boulders."

Friends of the Birds in Nebraska.

[The following letter and accompanying matter comes from an old reader of THE NEW UNITY, and shows what can be done with the children in the interest of the birds if but the teacher is willing.—EDITOR.]

EDITOR NEW UNITY, Chicago, Ill.

DEAR UNITY:—It is the misfortune (if misfortune it be) of all earnest workers to be unaware of the little rills of influence that they have set in motion in far-off, quiet corners.

The strong protests you have put forth for the birds have always found an echo in my heart, and have strengthened and encouraged me in the little I could do by example and word, especially in the school-room. I know that many others can say the same thing.

Perhaps it was this influence more than anything else that determined me last year to celebrate Bird Day, although at that time our legislature had not set apart such a day. But I found the labor for such an event too great for the time at my disposal, so it was postponed till this year.

This year the teachers of the building under my charge became interested in birds, some of them enthusiastically so. The children studied, read, drew, painted, wrote *birds*. The fourteenth of May was celebrated as Bird Day. The pupils of one room in particular surpassed everything I ever saw. All the UNITYS that had anything on the subject found their way into that room. Then came the issue of May 13th, with the correspondence between Miss Clarke and the editor. The whole article was read to the children, and they enthusiastically asked permission to write you a personal letter, which they did, which I send. One of the boys—for the boys are as much interested as the girls—wrote a sort of plea for the birds, which I also enclose. The pupils formed themselves into a society, the object of which is to protect the birds in every way possible, and to extend the efforts of each in all directions to the same end. They adopted a badge, bearing the legend "Bird Lovers."

I also inclose an original poem by one of them, which she read at the exercises on Bird Day.

I hope that there may be many more enthusiasts aroused in our public schools.

Very sincerely yours,

L. MARGARET PRYSE,
Principal Everett School, Lincoln, Neb.

LETTER FROM THE LINCON (NEB.) ETHICAL CLUB, (12 YEARS OLD AND UNDER.)

Everett School, Lincoln, Neb., May 27, 1897.

MR. JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DEAR SIR:

Miss Gallagher, the teacher of our room, the seventh A, and eighth B, has read to us out of a journal a letter written by you to Miss Clarke, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., telling her of being discouraged about the "bird on the hat," and that you would have to begin lower down—that is with the children.

We think it a very good plan; at least our teacher does, and she has helped us along very well.

We began to study the different birds, but of course have n't nearly finished the catalogue.

We have formed a league, and have promised never to kill the birds or destroy their nests, and we hope to succeed.

We children have determined never to wear a bird of any kind, and try to influence our mammas and others of our elders.

We hope that in time to come the number of birds used will be decreased, and we remain,

Respectfully yours,

MIGNON TRICKEY,
INIS EVERETT,
MAUDE CAUGER.

A BOY'S ARGUMENT.

READ BEFORE ROOM NO. —— IN THE EVERETT SCHOOLS, LINCOLN, NEB.

There are two important points to be argued on the question of birds.

First. Should the birds all be killed, and if so, what would happen?

If the birds were killed the bugs would live and the trees would die, and then the actual trouble would begin.

Where would the small boy rest when tired of ball-playing? Where would the children's swings be hung, so as to have a good time? Nowhere.

What would protect the grass from the scorching rays of the sun? Nothing.

The trees also hold moisture and stop the snow from melting too fast, and thus stop floods. The birds all do more good than harm.

The second question is:

Do the school children help or hinder the destruction of birds? In the room in which the writer goes, the teacher, Miss Gallagher, bought, at her own expense, some books called, "Birds," out of which we studied the habits and pictures of the birds, and thus learned about the native birds without the aid of a gun or sling-shot. When we had made some pictures and stories about the birds, we bound them into a book, with ribbons, and a decided improvement has been shown by most of the pupils.

The Birds.

The joyful messengers of spring
  Have come to make the world more bright;
In gleeful happiness they sing
  From morning till the shade of night.

The robin with his song so sweet
  And downy breast of reddish hue,
The blue-bird in his spring suit neat,
  The color of the sky so blue.

The robin's cousin, Mr. Thrush,
  Will soon his nesting place have found,
With sweeter song than all the rest,
  But modest coat of dusty brown.

The meadow-lark's sweet note is heard
  From meadows green at break of morn,
Close by him is the proud blackbird,
  The crow has come to eat the corn.

The gorgeous humming bird so small
  Will soon be here to feast on flowers,
And from the fence the Bob Whites call
  To while away the summer hours.

The little wren has built its nest
  On porches and on old barn roofs,
The whole world in the spring is blest
  With birds. Of God's love they 're proofs.

Everett School, Lincoln, Neb. OLA WILSON.

The Potato-bug Bird.

Most books about birds will tell you that the potato-bug bird, or rose-breasted grosbeak, is a rare bird. This is because most of our bird literature has been written by New Englanders or New

Yorkers, and though the things they assert are true of the eastern states, they are often wide of the mark when applied to the middle west. For instance, most New England writers speak of the blue jay as a rather uncommon bird, but with us in northern Illinois he is present in such large numbers as to be a menace to the eggs and young of other birds. In the same way the rose-breasted grosbeak, which John Burroughs, John B. Grant and others speak of as a rarity, is quite common near Chicago, and yearly becoming more so. This bird is called the potato-bug bird because it has a great liking for that insect nuisance, and eats many of them each season. One observant farmer near Lanark, Illinois, told me that nearly every evening he saw the potato-bug birds flying up and down the rows of the potato patch looking for dainties. Whether the two following facts are related or not I can not prove, but it is noticeable that the last five years or so the rose-breasted grosbeak has been increasing in numbers, and the farmers and gardeners have been spending less and less money for paris green.

The name rose-breasted grosbeak was bestowed on the bird because the male has a shield-shaped patch of brilliant pink on his upper breast; the female looks like a large sparrow, and both birds have short, thick, clumsy beaks. Besides being fond of insects this bird is the finest singer, to my ear, we have, except the bobolink. I do not even make an exception of the thrushes in the above assertion.

This spring I have had a chance to become acquainted with the domestic virtues of these birds, for they built a nest in a plum-tree about fifteen feet from my window. The male orioles and robins proved great loafers when it came to nest-building, but not so the grosbeak, for he buckled down to work, and really did more to the nest than the female, and when the eggs were laid he spent considerably more time incubating than his wife. Moreover, when obliged to stay home and look after the children that he expected, he never sulked about it, but stuck his head over the edge of the nest from time to time and sang as long and loudly as he was able. When the young birds left the nest the mother looked after one while the father took two under his wing. From first to last he has done his share of the home-making, and accomplished all cheerfully and well. Try and make the acquaintance of this natural gentleman, who is a good citizen, a conscientious father and husband, a fine musician and a handsome fellow. A. C. BEEBE.

Everett School, Lincoln, Neb.

After two afternoons spent in inspecting hats, Frank M. Chapman of the Museum of Natural History, and author of "Birds of Eastern North America," has compiled a list of birds which he saw used in adorning the headpieces. Forty species were represented, including thrushes, warblers, shrikes, fly-catchers, tanagers, swallows, waxwings, grosbeaks, sparrows, orioles, woodpeckers, jays, owls, grouse, doves, quails, shore birds, herons, gulls, terns, and grebes. In all he saw 173 wild birds or parts of them on hats. Of these birds at least thirty-two varieties are protected by law during all or a major portion of the year.—*New York World.*

A Costly Feast.

In old imperial Rome 'twas said—
The dainty epicureans eat
The tongues of nightingales so sweet,
Their taste and fancy fine to wet:

Ah! me—I heed the silent groves—
When twilight came with stars to hear,
And miss the magic of the song—
That made the very darkness dear!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Where the Responsibility Rests.

The birds are in the air once more. And as usual the women are the only ones who are blamed for their slaughter, because they indisputably buy them and use them for ornaments.

To do this is bad enough I admit, and I never wear a bonnet with that flavor of death about it which the corpse of a bird gives. And I have my opinion of the woman who does carry about that flavor. But what about the men who do the killing? What about the boys who never even see a bird upon bush or fence without flinging a stone at it? What about the mighty hunters—so-called civilized men—who shoot them on sight, not to sell to the milliners, but in mere wantonness? What about the raids made upon the nests, for eggs, by organized parties along the sea-coasts, where thousands are destroyed in a day? What about the "birds on toast" at hotels and restaurants, in and out of season? What about quail and reed birds on private tables?

It is men and boys who do all this shooting, who rifle all these nests, who eat the greater part of these birds. It was a party of men of whom I had knowledge who went into the woods by a river near my own home, and shot for mere pleasure thirty blue herons and left them piled in a heap on the ground there. It is hardly as bad to wear a dead bird as it is to kill it. Let us try to civilize the men before we expect the women to behave like angels. Making laws to prohibit the wearing of birds for ornament is well enough, but why not punish men for shooting the birds? Why not punish men at the whipping-post who skin birds alive for their plumage? I know plenty of women who could be had to lay on the blows free of charge.

Let the Audubon societies agitate for a law of this kind, and all the women will support it, even those careless—possibly heedless—ones, who wear birds on their hats. Why do we not direct our appeals for the life of the birds to both men and women? The sportsman as well as the dealer in birds is abroad in the land, and for the sake of a little practice with his gun he will blot out a golden oriole and quench his divine song forever, or fell the grosbeak as his rosy breast illuminates the gray depths where he sails "lone, wandering, but not lost."

But in truth the brutality of the men who kill our little feathered friends for sport or for gain, and the vanity of the women who demand them for decoration, are qualities that are akin—the cruel heart is beneath both, and to this are sacrificed the flashing wing, the radiant breast, the rapturous motion, and the heavenly song; and if it be true that

"There is a Power whose care
Teaches their way across the trackless coast,
The desert and illimitable air."

will He not take note of those who with remorseless hands cut short such beautiful lives?

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

A Plea for the Birds.

DELIVERED AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, JUNE 6, 1897.
BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? And not one of them is forgotten in the sight of God."—Luke xii:6.

More than eleven years have passed since I came to you with my first plea for the life of the bird. At that time I joined a general uprising of the intelligent and the humane on both sides of the Atlantic in earnest protest against the wholesale slaughter of nature's songsters for the purpose of decorating women's hats. That early crusade was led by Queen Victoria of England, Alfred Tennyson, the great poet Laureate, Robert Browning, Sir Frederick Leighton, the great artist, and many other names as prominent on the continent. About that time France and Germany passed strict laws for the protection of their birds, necessitating the importation of the bulk of their millinery stock of this kind. The Selborne Society of England about the same time organized its plumage section. The Audubon Society in this country threw a network of subordinate societies all over the country. The bird laws of the United States were revised in many states. New York organized its bird protection society. The American Ornithologists' Union issued a special number of *Science*, a New York monthly, whose character is sufficiently indicated by its name. They subsequently issued this as a bulletin under the title of "The Destruction of Our Native Birds," and it was circulated far and wide. Artists came to the defence of the birds at that time. I remember *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* gave a cartoon pathetic in its argument. In the foreground were seven women's faces shadowed by seven bird-bearing hats. None of the faces were birdlike either in sweetness or in joy. In the upper corner, in an open field, there was a broad-shouldered man with his gun, shooting the little birds on the branches. Half a hundred victims were lying by the game sack that was already overfull, at the roots of the tree. At that time the Ohio S. P. C. A. published for free distribution Mr. Gannett's "Halo." The sermon which I preached on the 28th of March, 1886, entitled "The Slaughter of the Innocents," was soon after printed in a special bird number of UNITY, five thousand extra copies of which were distributed free, in connection with which we solicited pledges from women and girls, that they would forbear the wearing of bird plumage as decorations, and from boys that they would forbear the shooting of song and plume birds and the robbing of their nests. If my memory serves me right some fourteen thousand signatures of women and girls were received at the UNITY office, and several hundred signatures of boys.

Some of you will remember that at that time I was kindly criticized by individuals and press for having overdrawn the bow. The facts were admitted. There was cause for grievance and alarm, but the facts sprang out of innocent ignorance. Women had not thought of the far-reaching consequences. Their attention had not been called to them. Things would promptly change, now that the appalling facts were made public. It was an evil which need but to be named and it would cease to be. So we thought, and we flattered ourselves that this only represented a passing folly, a short-lived evil, and that soon the birds would again sing, unthreatened by woman's covetous eye or fashion's cruel mandates. In 1892, and again in 1893, I renewed my plea and reiterated my protest at this desk, and now, after more than eleven years from the first protest, when I cast about for the most pressing wrong to the animal kingdom, the direct cruelty to form the topic of that humane sermon which it is my custom to give annually from this desk, I can hear above everything else the wail of orphan birds. I can see above and beyond all else the defiant nodding of bird plumes which mock us over our idle hope and ill-counted expectations of eleven years ago, for, instead of decreasing, the trade in feathers has steadily increased, and the mad work of denuding the world of its most beautiful creatures, and thereby striking the most far-reaching blow at horticulture and agriculture and the civilization that depends thereon, has gone steadily on. Three years ago, in an interview with the representatives of the leading millinery houses of this city, I was met with a cynical smile, accompanied with the assurance, "The more you agitate, the more plumes we will sell." In a recent number of *The Ladies' Home Journal* we are informed editorially that, no matter what is said or done, "women will wear birds to the end of time."

So I begin by confessing here, as I have elsewhere, that I have been more disappointed and have come nearer being discouraged in this agitation and reform than in any other task of the kind I have ever undertaken or any other cause that I have championed during my career as a minister of morals and religion. Notwithstanding these discouraging facts, I am here again to renew my plea in the name of morals, religion, and political economy for the bird. I plead for the innocent songster on his own behalf; I plead more for the garden that he protects, but I plead most for the heart of the boy that is hardened and the spirit of the woman that is chilled by the needless sacrifice of life and the cruel contribution to the suffering of animate creation that goes therewith. I would not flinch the hard logic of evolution. Pain and death are the price of progress. I am willing to sacrifice bobolink and man when the cause justifies it and the service rendered is of the kind that makes the death more glorious than the life. Our complaint is unwarranted unless the killing is wanton and the returns wholly inadequate to compensate for the great sacrifice.

But before we go further, let us look at some of the grim facts themselves. In view of the indisputable fact that the sacrifice of the birds of plume for millinery and other decorative purposes has steadily increased through these years, the facts of 1885 and '86, which were perhaps more carefully compiled than at any other time since, because of the large number of scientific men who took part in the agitation, are still significant. And so I first give you some of the facts then collated.

A scientific man then estimated that about five million birds were necessary annually to decorate the American women alone. The same authority

estimated that there were not more than five thousand North American birds in the private and public museums of the country, that is, ten times as many birds sacrificed to decorate the hats of American women in one year as there had been collected in the interest of science during say fifty years of time. But we turn to the statistics of trade, which are more reliable and which contain no sentiment. Cape Cod alone that season furnished forty thousand terns for millinery uses, and one million rails and bobolinks passed through the Philadelphia market in a single month, most of them killed in the adjacent territory. That year a single village on Long Island sent to New York seventy thousand birds in four months. An enterprising woman-milliner in New York city had contracted that year with a Parisian house for the skins of forty thousand birds at forty cents apiece, and she sent her army of murderers out, young and old, to bring in these animated flowers of nature at the rate of ten cents apiece. One gunner near Cooney Island, reported that he and his associates during the summer of 1883 had sent thirty thousand terns to the New York market. The "season" means the nesting time of these birds. It means that one or both parents had been slaughtered with dependent young in the nest. Counting but two birdlings in a nest, we have a picture of thirty thousand helpless fledgelings dying of starvation that women's hats might be trimmed.

But figures quickly overreach our power of comprehension. Record was made of two ten-year-old lads in the autumn of 1885, in a little village on Long Island, killing with their sling shots fifty robins and other pretty birds which they disposed of to the local milliner. Why should boys be ashamed of killing what their mothers wear? Among the Druses to shoot a lark is visited with condign punishment, "because," say they, "such minstrelsy must have in it divine sacredness." Compare the spiritual sensibilities of these obscure pagans, as Christendom would characterize them, with the spiritual life of the young lady and her friends in the high circles of New York, as reported by a newspaper, "whose evening dresses were trimmed with canary birds, fifty of them entering into the looping of the skirts." No wonder that that kind of practice would have made this other item possible. A lady of high life was wont to give her favorite cat a weekly treat of three live canary birds, which were let loose in the room that tabby might enjoy them to the utmost. The last purchase was interfered with by the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the lady was driven in her own carriage to the police court of New York city. Some more detailed facts: A keen observer in a Madison avenue horse-car in New York in 1886, noted thirteen women in the horse-car, eleven of whom wore birds, and this was the invoice of the trained eye: 1, heads and wings of three European starlings; 2, an entire bird (species unknown), of foreign origin; 3, seven warblers, representing four species; 4, a large tern; 5, the heads and wings of three shore-larks; 6, the wings of seven shore-larks and grass-finches; 7, one-half of a gallinule; 8, a small tern; 9, a turtle-dove; 10, a vireo, and a yellow-breasted chat; 11, ostrich plumes. This makes 26½ birds, without counting the ostrich feathers, which, under the present system of ostrich-farming, for all I can learn, is a legitimate article of commerce and permissible ornamentation. About the same time a writer in *Forest and Stream*, a paper that has valiantly defended the birds of song and plume, took two walks late in the afternoon, in the shopping districts of New York, for the purpose of studying birds on bonnets, with the following result: Some seven hundred were counted, 77 3-7 per cent of which bore feathers; of the remaining 22 4-7 per cent 12 2-7 were worn by ladies in mourning, leaving but 10 2-7 per cent of innocent hats. The list of birds enumerated is too large to be quoted, but among them we find 4 robins, 1 brown-thrush, 3 bluebirds, 3 black-capped fly-catchers, 3 scarlet tanagers, 23 wax-wings, 15 snow-buntings, 1 bobolink, 9 Baltimore orioles, 5 blue jays, 1 kingfisher, 24 woodpeckers of different varieties, 16 quails, 1 Acadian owl, 7 grebes, 5 sanderlings, 1 green heron, 2 grouse, 2 meadow larks, 5 warblers and 21 terns."

About that time I found myself once in the company of sixteen hats under which sat as many intelligent, kind-hearted religious women, moderately dressed. Upon these hats were impaled seven birds, five pairs of wings and three feather combinations. In 1887, that brilliant and lamented woman of Chicago, who wrote under the nom de plume of "Amber," in one of her letters to the *Evening Journal* of this city, said:

> "I sat in a convention of women the other day and counted twenty-nine slaughtered birds. And these blessed women were improving their minds with ethical science and historic research! I attended church the other evening when a noted divine was preaching about God's pity to a congregation of pretty barbarians who wore His murdered minstrels, His slaughtered harpers on their bonnets. Do you know what I am waiting for? I am only waiting until I get to be a sweet-voiced, gray-haired old woman, and then every time I see a girl with a blue-bird on her hat, or a matron with a robin on her bonnet, 'I'm going to say, 'My dear, let us pray!' And if I don't pray that daughter of wrath into some conception of her cruelty, then there is no efficacy in the fervent prayer of an aged mother in Israel."

To come down to a little later, in 1893, while preparing a paper on this subject for the Humane Congress that met in Chicago during our great exposition, I tried to secure some reliable facts and figures from our own Chicago trade. Either in person, or through representatives, I interviewed most of the leading dealers, and the testimony all around was that the Chicago trade was steadily on the increase. One gentleman who had charge of the feather trade in one of our large wholesale houses, etimated that that year the Chicago trade in plumage, not counting ostrich feathers, nor the decorations made from domestic or food-yielding birds, would aggregate two million dollars. One house alone had realized a profit of from sixty to one hundred thousand dollars the preceding year. In answer to the question, has the agitation by the Humane Society of this question affected the trade? an old dealer promptly replied, "No, the more you agitate, the more we will sell. Three or four years ago there was some little trouble about selling whole birds, but the time has gone by when we care to sell such. The feathers are getting too valuable for that any way. There is more money in the bird by taking the feathers apart and making them over into artificial combinations." The gentlemanly dealer continued, "The more agitation you make of this, the worse it is for your case. The only thing you

can do is to affect the fashion makers in Paris. They set the style for America. Here in Chicago we are one year behind Paris. What they wear in Paris this year our Chicago ladies will wear next year, and if it is live birds there, it will be live birds here, you may bet." In answer to the question, where does most of this two million dollars worth of plumage come from, the reply was, "We get our finest from Paris; our cheaper goods from Hamburg." Another intelligent dealer said, "I think the best plumage fields now are in Russia, South America and Africa. They used to be in Florida, but I think the American bird supply is on the decline." He showed me what he called "the finest bird in the trade," the bird known as the Imphion of India, worth two or three hundred dollars when complete. The sample in the store, denuded of the more ornamental feathers in the tail, was still worth forty dollars. He showed me a Bird of Paradise, originally worth sixty dollars, worth twelve dollars in its denuded state. Under date of January 9th, 1892, the editor of *Forest and Stream* wrote to me:

"We regret that we can not give you statistics concerning the slaughter of song birds for decorative purposes, although our impression is that it is practically unchecked. Probably the part of the country which has suffered most has been the South, more particularly Florida, where the birds of plume have been practically exterminated over vast areas which were formerly frequented in immense numbers. The Florida legislature last year adopted a law forbidding the killing of birds of plume for commercial purposes. But in the absence of a very strong public sentiment in the district affected, we can hope for but little good to follow so righteous a law."

About the same time our friend, Professor Forbes, of the Illinois State University, our state entymologist, wrote me:

"I have not kept up on the literature of Bird Decorations, and have not happened to notice anything lately with the exception of a statement made in the *Auk* for April, 1891, quoted from the *Humming Bird*, a monthly journal, published in the interest of feather dealers themselves. According to this, two hundred thousand persons are employed in Europe only in the feather trade, and millions of pounds sterling are spent annually either in the purchase of bird skins or the payment of persons employed in the trade. The writer complains bitterly of the injury to the business, and the consequent suffering from lack of employment among this group of workmen due to the wearing of mounted birds."

In 1892 *Forest and Stream* published editorally the following:

"The time was, and only a few years ago, when every bay and lagoon was teeming with birds. But when the fashion demanded that every woman's bonnet should be decorated with some kind of a bird or its feathers, men were sent to Florida to procure them, and one expedition returned with one hundred thousand bird skins got during the winter. Such destruction is now felt, and although the authorities have forbidden the slaughter, it is like locking the stable after the horse is stolen."

The same year the Humane Society, in its annual calendar, printed as follows:

"It is known that the bird hunters of Florida kill the birds while they are rearing their young because of the greater beauty of the plumage at that season, and leave the little ones to starve to death. One who went through the hunting grounds speaks of the horror it gave him to hear the pitiful screams of those dying little birds."

Last year, under date of July 2d, the Department of Agriculture at Washington, witnessing this ever-increasing danger, deemed it of sufficient importance to publish a bulletin calling attention to the alarming decrease of birds in our country, and the consequent increasing danger to agricultural interests. As a means of correcting this far-reaching danger, the department recommends the establishment of a Bird Day in schools, hoping that by beginning with the children they may be educated to the economic as well as the spiritual value of birds. Acting on this hint, Wisconsin has honored itself by incorporating the suggestion into a state law. As the result of personal correspondence with the department, I know how anxious the authorities at Washington are to increase the public intelligence in this direction, and how they regret that no funds are at command for an adequate compilation of facts and figures that would authoritatively set forth the profound economic interests at stake. To Mr. C. A. Babcock, superintendent of schools of Oil City, Pa., belongs the credit of having first led in what is perhaps the only effective path of reform in this direction, the education of the children of the public schools. He wrote to the department urging this as far back as April 23, 1894, and the matter has been further discussed in the *Journal of Education*, *The Outlook*, and other leading papers of the land.

And still the horrible work goes on. A recent editorial in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, after having admitted in most pessimistic phrase that, no matter what is done, "women will continue to wear birds as long as the world exists," goes on to state that last October on one occasion 637,000 birds were sold in New York City, and that another single shipment carried the wings of four hundred thousand birds to a single dealer, and that the trade in New York City alone for 1896 would aggregate three million birds.

In trying to bring these figures home to some fifteen hundred or more children of the public schools of St. Paul, I put it to them in this way: If a child was to see ten beautiful birds every summer day in the year, or for 180 days in the year, he would see but 1,800 a year, and to see all the birds that were included in that single sale of 637,000 birds in New York it would take 354 years to see all of them at the rate of ten a day, or beginning now the observer would have to live until 2251 A. D.; again, it would take a smart boy with a breech-loading gun, killing one bird a minute, for ten hours a day, seventeen years to kill the 3,000,000 birds that satisfied the New York trade last year. Only the other day our daily papers told us of three brothers who had just reached San Francisco from Madelaine Bay, of Lower California, with $7,000 worth of feathers, aigrette feathers being worth $32 a pound, and cheaper ones from $5 to $6 a pound. The *Telegraph Despatch* contains the further news "that this is a rich and new find, about which the brothers were shy to give much information because seven states in Mexico during the last three or four years have been devastated, so that birds are very scarce."

Let me have done with these disheartening figures. A bird of plumage! Friends, who can realize what this means in the light of evolution? How delicate, slow and subtle have been the laws of selection and the survival of the most beautiful. Only those who have studied carefully the writings of Darwin in his "Descent of Man" and the wide literature that has sprung around and from the same can form any estimate. Only in the dense jungles of Africa dare the Birds of Paradise fly. These beautiful children of light have not the fecundity, the ferocity or the versatility to hold their own in the

face of their destructive enemies that reach from the crawling snake to the smiling woman. The woman who dares put the plume of a tropical bird upon her hat wears what it has taken nature untold millions of years to arrive at, and she has helped to put a stop to that growing line of beauty. She has done what she could to check nature in her divine benignity as she works for the beautiful. Will women continue to wear birds in their hats while the world lasts, while the slow-going scientist, Alfred Russell Wallace, finds his science warming him into this fine poetic climax in his great chapter in Darwinism on "Colors and Ornaments?"

"In Nature's workshop but a shaving,
Of her poem but a word,
But a tint brushed from her palette,
This feather of a bird!
Yet set it in the sun-glance,
Display it in the shine,
Take graver's lens, explore it,
Note filament and line,
Mark amethyst to sapphire,
And sapphire to gold,
And gold to emerald changing
The archetype unfold!
Tone, tint, thread, tissue, texture,
Through every atom scan,
Conforming still, developing,
Obedient to plan.
This but to form a pattern
On the garment of a bird!
What then must be the poem,
This but its lightest word!
Sit before it, ponder o'er it,
'Twill thy mind advantage more
Than a treatise, than a sermon,
Than a library of lore."

I wish I could dismiss all sentiment and feeling of sympathy for the tortured bird, all love for his inspiring song, that I might satisfy the so-called more practical demands of this practical age. I would like to remind you that Michellet in his great book on the bird has said "There could be no vegetation and therefore no life if all the birds were destroyed." Prof. Edward E. Fish of Buffalo, says "There are some sections where life would become unendurable from insects were it not for the birds." An agricultural authority has estimated that the birds are worth one hundred million of dollars annually to the grower of fruit. Let the woman realize that the bird on her hat devastates an apple tree, that the feathers she wears have helped to strip the currant bushes and brought a pest to the cherry trees, and perhaps this argument may obtain where the others fail. And still I will not believe it. I prefer to believe that May Riley Smith has urged the most forcible argument and dealt in the most ponderous logic when she wrote:

"What does it cost, this garniture of death?
It costs the life which God alone can give;
It costs dull silence where was music's breath;
It costs dead joy that foolish pride may live.
Ah! life, and joy, and song, depend upon it,
Are costly trimmings for a woman's bonnet."

I will believe that my friend Gannett has made the most logical as well as the most searching plea for the bird, one before which eventually even the powers of fashion will succumb and to which the proudest woman will surrender. When he read that one London dealer in birds, when fashion was at its height, had received a single consignment of thirty-two thousand dead humming birds, and that another at one time had received thirty thousand aquatic birds and three hundred thousand pairs of wings, he wrote the great sermon plea, entitled:

THE HALO.

"Think what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!
Flowers unvisited, mornings unsung,
Sea-ranges bare of the wings that o'er-swung,
Bared just for that!

"Think of the others, too,
Others and *mothers*, too,
Bright-Eyes in hat!
Hear you no mother-groan floating in air,
Hear you no little moan,—birdling's despair,—
Somewhere, for that?

"Caught 'mid some mother-work,
Torn by a hunter Turk,
Just for your hat!
Plenty of mother-heart yet in the world:
All the more wings to tear, carefully twirled!
Women want that!

"Oh, but the shame of it,
Oh, but the blame of it,—
Price of a hat!
Just for a jauntiness brightening the street!
This is your halo, O faces so sweet,—
Death: and for that!"

I remember two retorts that came to me from the dealers I talked with. Perhaps some women take shelter behind them, and I must note them briefly. One said, "I should like to see what you make of this, but I know now that I will be against it, whatever you say, for you are trying to take the bread out of the mouths of hundreds of thousands of people who are making an honest living in the feather trade." This is the political economy either of the fool or the knave. The public school teacher ought to be dismissed for incompetency who allows a child to reach the seventh grade without having seen clearly and for life the fallacy of this logic of corruption and degradation. By such argument was the slave trade defended. Such arguments make the business of the brewer, the distiller, the gambler, the trafficker in women's virtue and in children's lives legitimate. Such arguments justify the indolence of war, all the corruptions and debilitudes of fashion and of aristocratic parasites. No, nothing is legitimate that does not add to the wealth of the world, that is not productive of *common wealth*, that is not in some way creative. He who does not get his bread in such ways that somehow the joy, harmony, and beauty of the world is augmented, helps pauperize the kingdom of man. He makes beggars, is himself or herself unconsciously a criminal, and makes criminals of us all.

Another man, thinking he had clinched the matter, said, "Tell Mr. Jones to go down to Clark street and save souls, rather than waste his time and energy saving birds." Said Martin Luther, "Christ makes the birds our masters and teachers, so that a feeble sparrow, to our great and perpetual shame, stands in the gospel as a doctor and teacher to the wisest of men." Can we save souls by despising these humbler fellow creatures or by putting to death these gospel preachers? I grieve for the birds; I grieve more for the women who have hardened their hearts against them. I am concerned for the sparrows, but more for the boys. I know of no way of saving souls except by saving them from cruelty, thoughtlessness and coarseness. I have nothing to save souls from but selfishness, brutality and injustice. These are the terrible actual hells, and I know of none other. I know of nothing to save a soul to except to gentleness, kindness, generosity, sensitive appreciation of beauty, truth and justice. I

ask for no better heaven, and know of none other. "The bird is mine," said the young Prince Sidartha — "mine by right of mercy and love's lordliness, for I saved the life my cousin would fain have destroyed with his arrow." I will not believe that the gospel of Jesus is less potent or inclusive than that of Buddha. The great Hindu poem, the "Mahabarata," describes the hero as turning back at heaven's gate rather than leave his faithful dog behind him. Have we in Christendom a gospel that will permit selfish souls to scramble into heaven over the dead bodies of innocent birds? Clark street cannot be saved by any redemption that scoffs at the cruelty that strips a live bird of its wings that the lustre of the plume may be saved, and leaves the birdlings' cry to add to the death-agonies of the mutilated bird, as Professor T. Gilbert Pierson has recently described in his "Notes on the Herons of Central Florida." He says: "Upon approaching the place, the screams of young birds reached our ears. The cause of this soon became apparent by the buzzing of green flies and the heaps of dead herons festering in the sand, with the back of each raw and bleeding." This was in the pine region of Florida, the breeding-place of the herons, where the smoldering embers of the camp fires of the plume hunter completed the story.

Friends, the salvation of man rests upon the lowly claims of the lily and the swallow. The hand that wantonly impales the lark or thoughtlessly stabs a deer's fawn, is in fell, though it may be unconscious, league with the hands that drove the nails in the cross on Calvary nineteen hundred years ago. He who stands between the sea gull and her murderer and thereby shields the birdling that otherwise would starve on the rocky coast, does it for the Lord Jesus, even though some love of a bonnet must nod in reverence to the Christ name without a white wing upon it. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

I remember the travail of the human hive. I hear the wail of the poor. I feel the fever and strain between honesty and fraud, selfish labor and more selfish capital. I do not turn away from these claims and calls when I insist that they are related to the blue bird's nest and the oriole's song. I believe woman's brow is so beautiful that it does not need the robbing of a life to give it regal power; there is a beauty in woman's eye that can not be enhanced by the cast-off feathers of mother birds. I believe that boys can be happy without being cruel, that there is a sport that is not murderous. I am willing that in the struggle for existence the lower life should ever be sacrificed to the higher, but that does not justify wanton destruction, iniquitous slaughter.

> "He who shall hurt a little wren
> Shall never be beloved by men."

Pythagoras used to buy the booty of the fishermen and the fowlers that he might restore them to their liberty. Let this pagan shame our hunting parsons. Montaigne confessed he hardly ever took a beast alive but that he did not presently turn him out. He is not credited with much piety, but I commend him to the feather-wearing attendants at prayer meeting. It is impiety, although it be the impiety of ignorance, that is rendering our country arid by the denudation of forests, that is making extinct some of the most beautiful floral products of nature by the foolish love of capture.

"Some of the beautiful orchids are in danger of becoming extinct in nature," says last week's *Independent*, "by the foolish impulse to collect." We must bring our piety down to where we live. Test a man by the way he treats a dog. Judge the girl not by her appearance in the ball-room, but by her courtesy to the unwashed. Abraham Lincoln burdened with a nation's fate, was seen one early morn running through the dewy grass of the White House lawn to catch a callow birdling that he might restore it to the nest it had fallen from in the apple tree. His mind was clear because his great heart was right.

> "Hast thou named all the birds without a gun,
> Loved the wood rose and left it on the stalk?
> O, be my friend and teach me to be thine."

"Father, that bird will never sing again," said the child to the father who fain would have pleased the boy by bringing him the bleeding dead body of a beautiful bird.

"God will forgive you for this unintentional crime," said some one to Wilfred Cumbermede, in George MacDonald's story. "Don't tell me that," said the lad. "What do I care for the forgiveness of God so long as the little bird can never forgive me."

Oh, there are brutalities underlying the pleasure-seeker and the fashion-server that exceed the brutalities of the battle-field. Think of the atrocities of the fox-hunting, the deer-stalking, the horse-racing and the pigeon-shooting, which went poorly last week the papers say at Watson's Park, Burnside, because it was raining and the birds were slow and heavy winged. Think of the brutality represented by the fashionable woman who drives her horse, mutilated in the tail, tortured with the overcheck. Oh, let us work for the time when our virtues will be as persistent as our vices, when the ideals within will be more than a match to the fashions without. Then, if not too late, if any birds are left, we will join with them in singing the great hymn of the spiritual life and of natural piety.

> "He prayeth well who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast,
> For he hath offered to the Lord
> Who giveth to his least.
>
> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small,
> For the dear God who loveth us
> He made and loveth all."

One feat sometimes ascribed to man is in the case of birds a literal fact,—they can sleep with one eye open. This curious habit I have watched closely, and I find it common in nearly all the varieties I have been able to observe. One eye will close sleepily, shut tight, and appear to enjoy a good nap, while the other is wide awake as ever. It is not always the eye toward the light that sleeps, nor is it invariably the one from the light. The presence or absence of people makes no difference. I have even had a bird stand on my arm or knee, draw up one leg, and seem to sleep soundly with one eye, while the other was wide open. In several years' close attention I have been unable to find any cause, either in the position or the surroundings, for this strange habit.

Olive Thorne Miller, in Bird Ways.

The Study Table.

American Journal of Theology.

The portly quarterly of over three hundred pages that represents the July issue of the *American Journal of Theology*, put forth by the divinity faculty of the University of Chicago, does not look as though the world is losing its interest in theology, but even a superficial glance at the contents does show that the interest, so far as this quarterly is involved at least, is in progressive theology. The editing faculty is committed to Baptist interests, but there is no trace of a line in the table of contents. Professor Mead, of the Hartford Theological Seminary, writes of the fatherhood of God; Professor Drummond, of the Manchester College, Oxford, England, a Unitarian school, discusses the fourth Gospel. There are articles entitled on the scope of Paul's "Doctrine of Grace"; the "Social Institutions of the Israelites," and "The Conceptions of the Future Life in Homer," with a large amount of critical notes and discussion of current literature.

"Ten Noble Poems." What They Say of It.

From *The Dial*, August 1st.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who some years ago published a pamphlet entitled "Ten Great Novels," the outcome of correspondence with a number of critical readers, has now sought to obtain a similar consensus of opinion in the field of poetry. "Ten Noble Poems" is the title of the pamphlet now issued, and it contains lists and explanatory letters from sixty-seven correspondents. The poems were to be measured by "the test of poetic form, ethical insight, and spiritual inspiration." Wordsworth's "Intimations" gets the largest vote, followed by "In Memoriam," "Saul," and Gray's "Elegy." No less than two hundred and thirty-eight poems are named altogether. The pamphlet makes very interesting reading.

From Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith, Greenfield, Mass.

"It is certainly a valuable list of fine poetry for reference, especially for young readers. It will both do good and sell well, I think."

The *Quarterly Book Review*, launched by the Montgomery Ward & Co. house of Chicago, is a modern instance of the strange mingling of business and letters, advertisement and culture. It is creditable in appearance and interesting in material, and one must go elsewhere to learn that it is published by a great dry goods house in the city of Chicago.

Reading in the Home.

It may be fairly asked how we shall persuade children to read classic literature. It is a partial answer to say, Read it to them yourself. If we would only consider the subtle strengthening of ties which comes from two people reading the same book together, breathing at once its breath, and each giving the other unconsciously his interpretation of it, it would be seen how in this simple habit of reading aloud lies a power too fine for analysis, yet stronger than iron in welding souls together. To my thinking, there is no academy on earth equal to that found in many homes of a mother reading to her child.—*Horace E. Scudder, in Childhood in Literature and Art.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Religion is an attitude of the inner life,—of reverence trust and love.

MON.—Religion has its basis in feeling and not in thought. It is right feeling much more truly than it is right thought.

TUES.—Religion is not a statement of truth. Feeling gives what the intellect cannot secure for us.

WED.—Feeling is the fountain of life in religion, from which its healing waters flow.

THURS.—Without feeling man is not man. It is the most God-like manifestation of his life.

FRI.—When feeling finds its right place, and gains its true command over the life, it brings peace and poise.

SAT.—This inward peace is dependent, not upon any particular theology, but upon well-trained and directed emotions, noble ideals, and a life brought into unity with the world of other men.—*Christian Register.*

Kinfolk.

Oh, we are kinfolk, she and I—
  The little mother-bird all brown,
Who broods above her nest on high
  And with her soft, bright eyes looks down
To read the secret of my heart—
  We two from all the world apart!

She dreams there in her swaying nest,
  I dream here 'neath my sheltering vine;
The same love stirs her feathered breast
  That makes my heart-throb seem divine.
We both dream 'neath the same kind sky—
  The small brown mother-bird and I.

Katherine Whiting Patch.

Nansen, the Arctic Explorer's, Carrier Pigeon.

One day a carrier pigeon tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home at Christiania. Instantly the window was opened, and the wife of the famous arctic explorer in another moment covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses.

The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with his expedition in the polar regions.

Nansen had fastened a message to the bird and turned it loose.

The frail courier darted out into the blizzardly air, flew like an arrow over perhaps a thousand miles of frozen waste, and then over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests, to enter the window of its waiting mistress and deliver the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously.

We boast of human pluck, sagacity, and endurance, but this loving carrier pigeon, after an absence of thirty months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to amazement and admiration.—*From Nansen's Arctic Explorations.*

The Squirrel Who Loved Music.

I have just read about a sportsman who, one day, in the woods, sat very still, and began to whistle an air to a red squirrel on a tree.

"In a twinkling," says he, "the little fellow sat up, leaned its head to one side, and listened. A moment after, he had scrambled down the trunk, and when within a few yards, he sat up and listened again. Pretty soon he jumped upon the pile of rails on which I was, came within four feet of me, sat up,

made an umbrella of his bushy tail, and looked straight at me, his little eyes beaming with pleasure. Then I changed the tune, and chut! away he skipped. But before long he came back to his seat on the rails, and, as I watched him, it actually seemed as if he were trying to pucker up his mouth to whistle. I changed the tune again, but this time he looked so funny as he scampered off, that I burst out laughing, and he came back no more. I had much more enjoyment out of this squirrel than if I had shot him."—*St. Nicholas.*

The Return Home.

"There, drink that, Joshua, and wish me joy! Elinor is coming home." Joshua eyed her shrewdly. The currant wine, or something else, had set his little old eyes a-twinkle.

"Do tell, Mis' Starbird, if you can read letters afore ye open on 'em. That 's a terrible flimsy arnvelope, an' no mistake, but I did n't know as your eyes was quite so keen."

"I do n't need to read it, Joshua, except to find what day she 'll be here. She was twenty-one years old a fortni't ago Tuesday. When her mother's folks took her away she said she should come back as soon as she was her own mistress, and Elinor Starbird never breaks her word."

"Well, I 'll be goin' along. That wine is most excellent good! Ye ha' n't read yer letter yet, but as ye seem so plug sure of what 's into it, I s'pose there ain't no objections to my spreadin' the news a mite?"

"Spread away, Joshua! If I was to say 'do n't' 'twould be all the same in the end, so you may as well be regularly delegated. I 'm expecting my granddaughter some time within a fortni't, and I do n't care who knows it. Now run along, and let me read my letter!"

So Joshua departed, the news spread, and Gilbury was all agog. The long habit of friendship and neighborhood had grown to be second only to blood among those old New England people, and they had resented the taking away of their old friend's grandchild,—carrying her off to Europe to finish her education. No one but Grandmother Starbird supposed she would ever return to dwell among her own people as before, after these years of fashion, fortune, and foreign travel. But this was how the letter begun:

Dear Grandmother—I am twenty-one to-day. I shall sail for America, by the Castalia, on the twentieth. Expect me at home by June first. . . .

So June came, the Castalia arrived, the depot hack rolled up after dark to the "far end o' the lane," and the Gilbury season had fairly opened. The next day was Sunday. Every one who went to the stone church, and who had a new bonnet, wore it. Even the men, most of them, looked around, out of the corner of one eye, when Grandmother Starbird's soft black silk and gray barége shawl moved quietly up the aisle. But they might have spared themselves the trouble. No one followed the old lady; she let herself into the square pew, buttoned the door behind her, and sat serenely down, alone. There was a general turning of heads and exchange of wondering glances, a few sniffs and tosses of disapproval and chagrin, and then the bell ceased tolling, and the good old rector began to read the service.

After the sermon, some of them recovered breath and joined in the last hymn, led by the unseen choir behind and above them, whose music seemed sweeter and more rounded, somehow, than usual. They were blessed and dismissed, and turned to leave their pews. And then they saw her—saw her standing among the other singers, just as she used to stand, dressed simply and freshly in white, as she used to dress, but with a fuller, rounded grace in the tall, womanly figure, and a glad, happy light in the face that bent earnestly forward to find old friends among the groups below. Such a face! No wonder Europe called her "the beautiful American," for her hair was like an aureole, and her eyes like stars, and the clear tints of her skin, and the noble contour of her features were like nothing that Gilbury had ever seen before.

They came about her like bees about their queen, and she knew them all and called them all by name. There was no further thought of new bonnets or fine houses. In the twenty minutes that they stood there she had them all, New Englanders though they were, at her feet, and took up with infinite tact and grace a social sceptre such as few can wield. She was the same sweet girl they had known and loved always, but the subtle differences of growth, physical and mental, and the years in which she had been held aloof from them, and from her home, by those in legal control, enveloped her in somewhat of distance and mystery, as if she had spent the time in Heaven, and a mightier flood than the Atlantic had rolled between them.

When gradually and reluctantly, one by one, they had all slipped away, and she stood alone with Grandmother Starbird and the rector, the old man turned to her again and took her hand.

"My dear child," he said, in tones deeply stirred from their wonted quiet, "you left us a child under authority, you come back to us a woman, with great gifts, great wealth and great beauty, and you have taken our hearts by storm. What will you do with all this power that is placed in your hands?"

He watched her keenly for the answer, but the face uplifted to him might have been that of the child he told her of, so free was it from any taint of consciousness or vain-glory, so clear and pure were the wonderful eyes that shone through unshed tears.

"It is not because of my wealth or my beauty that they welcome me with such loyal affection," she said simply, "but because I have always loved these old friends and never forgotten them. It seems to me that now I have come back to spend my life among them I can do no better than just to keep on loving and remembering."

The rector's eyes grew suddenly dim, and all their keenness vanished. He raised the fair, firm hand to his lips as if it had been the hand of the little one whom Christ set in the midst.

"You are right, my child," he said gravely and reverently, "love and remember. There is no surer and no grander way."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Mrs. Booker T. Washington has a noted Sunday school class in house-cleaning. Every Sunday she takes one of the negro cabins as a sample of how such work should be done. She washes, cleans, sweeps, and dusts, and has changed for the better very many of the cabins.

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Millions NOW USE Pearline

The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion"

THE BIRDS AND THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE W. C. T. U.—At a recent state convention held in Milwaukee of this organization considerable attention was given to the birds, and Mrs. J. W. Black, of Racine, one of the superintendents furnishes us this account of the exercises. Our correspondent adds that the song and recitations were well done.

"Altruria for Birds" was an original conceit, never having been written out, and was, as its name implies, an account of the search for a happy land wherein birds might dwell in safety. After enduring all the ills birds are heir to, they called a convention to talk over their wrongs, and to find some remedy. The stories of the gulls, the tern, the cedar-birds, the bob-o-links, with countless others, and the still sadder story of the herons, millions of whom are so cruelly murdered for their plumes which furnish the beautiful aigrettes of commerce, were all listened to with indignation. A commission of the wisest and best was sent out to look up a land where the "creature man" was not.

The story of their wanderings, how at times they were sure they had discovered the "blessed land," but the track of their enemy was still there, was very happily narrated.

No Altruria could be found and they despaired until they heard of a growing tenderness for their kind shown in bird days, in Audubon societies, in bands of mercy, etc., all of which, through education, are developing a humane sentiment for the protection of the birds. In this way, it may be, they said, when the children are grown, Altruria will come even here.

Mrs. Whitcomb's address on "Our Little Brothers of the Air, Shore and Wood," was listened to with delightful attention.

She had many beautiful specimens of the various birds, which she said were obtained, not in any cruel manner, but were picked up either dead or maimed. If maimed they were chloroformed, and then stuffed. She stroked these dead birds as tenderly as she would a child.

She took her listeners with her into the fields, to the shores, in a boat around the bridges, showing them how to observe. She mentioned a visit she once made in a city where she was told there were no birds. In the afternoon, while out with the family for a ride, they saw and named thirty birds, arousing the greatest enthusiasm for further search. We were told there are at least three hundred different kinds of birds in Wisconsin, our state having more bird-life than any other in the Union. She described the peculiarities of the thrush, the tern, the woodpecker, wren, robin, warblers, oriole, etc., etc. She believed that no study was more conducive to morality, for in filling the thoughts with the good, there would be no room for the evil. It was a high and beautiful talk, and she even thanked me, who felt under so great obligations to her, for her help for giving her the opportunity to talk to our young people. She said she liked to help the young. To me that was the best of all.

In reporting the "Band of Mercy" work for the year, I offered the prize again for the best essay on the "Birds of Wisconsin," and stated that our next L. G. L. bird day would be at the next convention, in July, 1898. I asked all to get out their note-books early, for I was sure that, after such a beautiful and inspiring hour, we could not help wishing to know more of "Our Little Brothers of the Air, Field, and Shore."

NOTES FROM TOWER HILL.

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes, and faith, he'll prent it."

August 15th was patriotic day at Tower Hill. It was a grand day; full of hope and cheer and inspiration. In the morning the Hon. R. M. La Fallette, of Madison, Wisconsin, read an able paper on "The Second Emancipation." To one ignorant of city and national politics the address was a revelation. Not beautiful fancies, but facts! facts! did the speaker give us. Ignorance, partisanship, venality, corruption of every sort, are the things from which we need to be saved, emancipated. But how? By electing to office straightforward, clean-souled men who will work, independent of party dictation, in the interests of the people. This is an old but ever new remedy. This, we presume, is much easier to preach than practice. But Mr. La Fallette is said to be a man who has practiced what he preached.

Mr. La Fallette was followed by Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, who spoke on the same subject. "There is no need of getting ugly and abusive," remarked the doctor; "no need of getting sentimental and weeping over these great wrongs. Every question—social, political, religious, must be fought out and settled right. This universe is based on truth, not falsehood; on fact, not fiction. A government of the people must be based on righteousness, else its end is near. Nothing can bring peace to man or nation but the triumph of right principles. The people" said the doctor, "should rule. At present, not the people, but a few rule. Give the people the 'Initiative and the Referendum.' This will cure many of the ills that now oppress them. If we had had the 'Referendum,' the 'Allen Bill' would never have passed over the wishes of Chicago's honest citizens. Congressmen may be bribed; Legislatures may be bribed; but you cannot bribe the people." Dr. Thomas voiced the thoughts so well expressed years ago by Wendell Philips: "Trust the people—the wise and the ignorant, the good and the bad—with the greatest questions, and in the end you educate the race. Men are educated and the race uplifted by allowing all—every one—to broach all their mistakes and advocate all their errors.

. . . . . .

In the afternoon, Colonel Smith lect-

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ured on "Our National Songs and Hymns." He told us what song and music did for the soldiers during the late war. How it infused strength into their limbs, and ideas into their brains. How the harmony of music and the melody of song made life brighter and fairer for those who dared "Rally round the Flag." Song! It is one of the things that makes life worth living. Songs of home and love and hope and trust and aspiration are of priceless value to the individual and nation. "Let me make the songs of a people," some one has said, "and you shall make its laws." Our song writers in giving to the soldier such songs as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Marching through Georgia," "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," accomplished a social reform beyond the power of pulpit, press or platform to effect.

"War," said the lecturer, has done much for mankind. It has produced many noble characters. Without war there would have been no Grant, no Sheridan, no Logan, no Lincoln. True! War has done much to advance civilization. Force often succeeds where inspiration fails. Nevertheless, the war-spirit is the most devilish infatuation that ever cursed the world. Leaving the soldiery with their gay uniforms; their march 'through Georgia' and triumphal return; the beat of drum and clang of trumpet, altogether out of the question, what about the suffering and misery entailed upon the non-combatant part of the community—mothers and children, the aged and feeble? 'Do you hear the children weeping, O, my brothers' over in Cuba? There was a time when war was absolutely necessary. In some parts of the world it may still be necessary. But in this, our America, it is *un*necessary. 'New occasions teach new duties.' Humanity has entered a new era. Brain, not brawn is king. Men are wiser than they were. They are beginning to see that the pen is mightier than the sword; that though 'cannon-balls may aid the truth, thought is a weapon stronger.' Ideas, not shot and shell, will eventually place man where he rightly belongs. Dr. Thomas says we need a "great baptism of patriotism. This we can have, and will have, not, however, by butchering each other, but in teaching the sanctities of human life, home and country. One day at home with the loved ones will do more for man than would active co-operation in a thirty years war."

. . . . . .

"Mind, there is always a certain cachet about great men—they speak of common life more largely and generously than common men do—they regard the world with a manlier countenance, and see its real features more fairly than the timid shufflers who dare to look up at life through blinkers, or to have an opinion only when there is a crowd to back it."

Poets we used to look upon as dreamers and idlers. We have a better opinion of them now. Taken as a whole they are a manly lot of fellows. They see so much better than we do. They have such a large place in their heart for "poor sad humanity." They are our friends, our saviours. They teach us, the most important of all truths that are spiritual are stronger than material forces; that thought rules the world. They are the great souls that "bridge the charms between races and ages."

During the past week the Tower Hill Summer School has been diligently searching for the ten great poems in English literature, under the direction of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The poems selected are based on the estimate of a large number of prominent students of literature. This study is proving to be one of the most interesting and helpful of the course. Henceforth, we shall look at life with a kindlier eye; trust more and more the monitions of the poet whose "voice is a continual reminder that, whether we think of it or not, the celestial mountains are before us, and thither lies our true destiny."

. . . . . .

H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, has come and gone, leaving behind him many very pleasant memories. During the five evenings of last week he interpreted for us the Greek dramatists: "Introductory on the Greek Drama and Dramatists," Æschylus' "Prometheus," Sophocles' "Antigone," Euripides' "Media," Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis," and Æschylus, "Agamemnon." Mr. Simmons is a scholar, and everything that comes from him is scholarly. His lectures were an intellectual feast; something different from what we used to receive while pursuing our college studies. Greek to the average theologue is a terrible thing. We shall never forget how we used to "decline the Greek article." Then, we thought it was an ingenious refinement in cruelty; now we know better.

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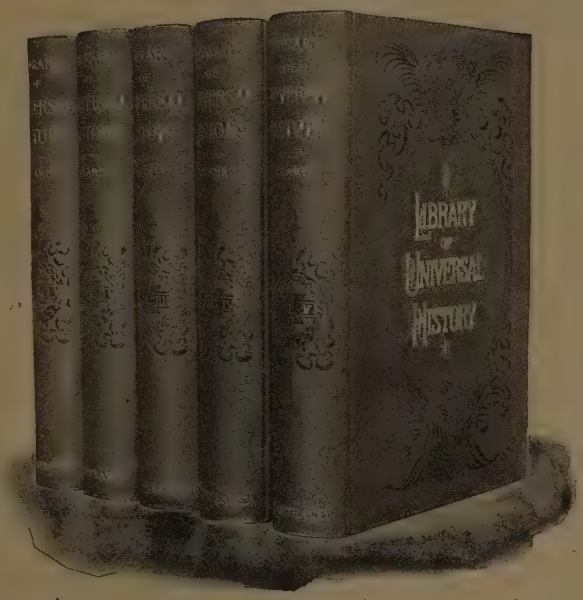

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established Anglican Church, settled in Holland. They were led by the Reverend John Robinson. Failing to become reconciled to the customs and habits of the Dutch, these humble Puritans, who felt that they were only pilgrims in this world, resolved to emigrate to the wilds of America, where they might worship God in their own way.

These Puritans in Holland formed a partnership with some London merchants, who furnished them with capital for their enterprise. They returned to England; and in September, 1620, one hundred and one of these pious men and women sailed for New England in a vessel called the *Mayflower*. These *Pilgrim Fathers*, as they are called, landed on a rock on the coast of Massachusetts bay, on the 21st of December, 1620. They named the place of landing *Plymouth*, and the town which they founded is the oldest in New England. In the cabin of the Mayflower, just before landing, they had adopted a written constitution of government, and chosen John Carver for their governor. Several months after their landing (March 21, 1621) Governor Carver made a treaty of friendship with Massasoit, the sachem of the Wampanoag Indians. A few days after this treaty Governor Carver died, and William Bradford became governor of the colony. Many of the settlers had died during the winter. Other emigrants came. In 1627 the Plymouth colonists purchased the interests of the London merchants, and became the sole proprietors of the country in which they had established themselves; and in 1634 they abolished their pure democracy, and adopted the more convenient form of representative government.

THE MAYFLOWER.

In 1628 John Endicott and one hundred Puritan emigrants founded Salem. They had been sent from England by a company which the following year (1629) was incorporated *The Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England*. In the same year the Company assigned the charter and government to the colonists. During 1629 other immigrants arrived and settled Charlestown.

In 1630 a large number of Puritans from England arrived at Salem, with John Winthrop as governor. Some of them made settlements at Dorchester, Roxbury, Watertown, Cambridge and Lynn; while Winthrop and others settled Boston, which became the capital of the Massachusetts Bay colony and the future metropolis of New England. In 1634 representative government was established in the colony of Massachusetts Bay.

The Puritans, who had just suffered so much persecution in England for their religious opinions, were no sooner settled in New England than they became persecutors themselves, and allowed no toleration for difference of opinion in religious or civil matters. In 1635 Roger Williams, a Puritan minister of the gospel, was banished from the Massachusetts Bay colony, because he advocated toleration for all religious beliefs. Williams founded the colony

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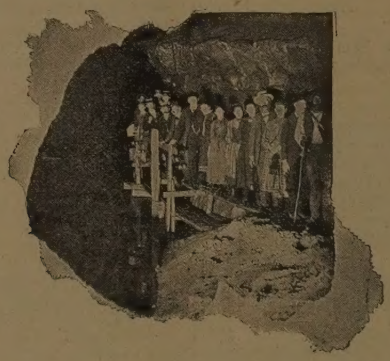

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